



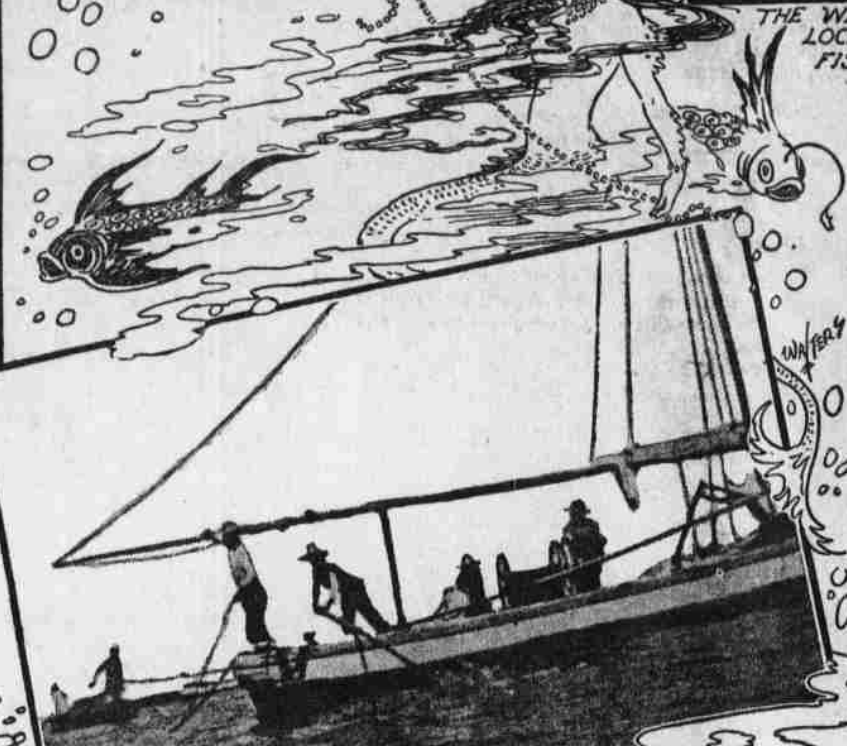
DIVER IN DRESS, READY TO DESCEND

PEARL FISHERIES OF THE AMERICAS

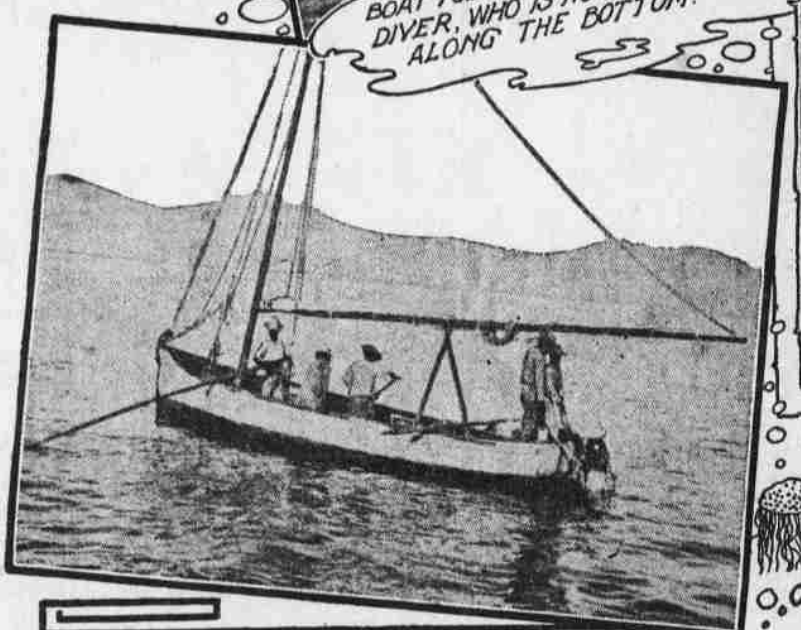
By CHARLES MELVILLE BROWN



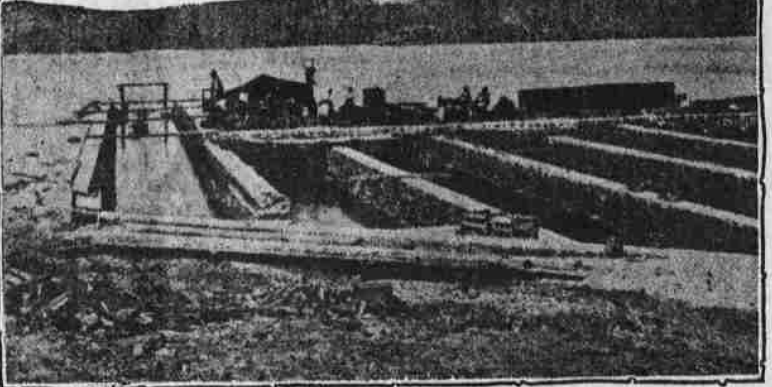
THE WHITE DOTS SHOW THE LOCATION OF THE PRINCIPAL PEARL FISHERIES OF THE AMERICAS



BOAT FOLLOWING THE DIVER, WHO IS NOW WALKING ALONG THE BOTTOM



DIVER IN DRESS DESCENDING TO THE PEARL BEDS



CANALS IN WHICH THE YOUNG OYSTERS ARE RAISED

EMPIRE STATE OF BRAZIL



CORRAL OF BRAZILIAN CATTLE, STATE OF SAO PAULO

Washington.—Fully four and a half out of every five pounds of coffee drunk in the United States comes from Brazil, and the proportion is growing steadily higher, principally because the Brazilian bean is of a superior quality and flavor. The general idea of coffee drinkers here is that "Mocha" and "Java" enter largely into the morning beverage, but it is a fact that all the Mocha and Java that reach this country in a year would not supply St. Louis for six months.

It is generally known and understood that the greater proportion of fine Brazilian coffee comes from the state of Sao Paulo in that country, and the statement that Sao Paulo, the richest state in the Brazilian Union, is "one vast coffee estate" has been made so frequently that the general impression has gone abroad that little else but coffee is produced in the state. It is true that Sao Paulo alone, last year, produced 1,716,000,000 pounds of coffee that had a value of \$140,000,000, and that this vast aggregate found its way outward through the greatest coffee port in the world, Santos; but it is also true that Sao Paulo has a host of other industries that are developing at a rate that is astonishing. It is in Sao Paulo that the great wheat growing concessions have been granted; it is from Sao Paulo that the enormous shipments to Europe of live cattle will be made; it is Sao Paulo that now maintains three hundred factories engaged in a truly remarkable array of industries. These factories alone represent an investment of over \$40,000,000 and are employing 50,000 workmen.

It is true that coffee is the staple, but these factories are turning out cotton and woolen fabrics; they are making rope, twines and papers. There are breweries, marble quarries, metal industries of various natures; vast estates that are devoted to the culture of rice, and square miles of territory that produce enormous quantities of fruits that are shipped in all directions. Sao Paulo has gone extensively into grape culture, and is turning out wines that are becoming vastly popular in several countries. Agriculture of a general nature has engaged the attention of the residents of the state to a greater degree in the last few years, and as a consequence the railways are extending in every direction throughout the state. As an indication of the volume of business transacted through the port of Santos it last year reached a grand total of five and a half million tons, which compares very favorably with the trade of Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres, the two largest South American ports.

In great measure this progress is due to the far-sighted and patriotic efforts of those statesmen who have directed the destinies of the state, and it has been recently stated by a South American historian that the history of the State of Sao Paulo was the history of all Brazil.

HONOR RESTED WITH AUTHOR

How the Late Popular Writer, O. Henry, Outwitted Unscrupulous Editor.

A friend of the late O. Henry writes of him: "He was reckless in spending money, and frequently gave elevator boys and bellboys \$5 and \$10 notes. But he wasn't 'easy,' despite his financial recklessness. His friends narrated an incident showing the man's shrewdness. A magazine noted for 'slow pay,' they say, contracted with him for a three-part story, for which he was to receive fifteen hundred dollars. He got a five hundred dollar advance before starting to work, and when he turned in the second installment (none of it had been printed yet) got five hundred dollars more, and asked for the third five hundred dollars as an advance before finishing the tale. The editor, in an effort to save money, apparently, declared that, after all, the story didn't appear to be worth more than one thousand dollars—this when he had the two installments in his office. 'All right,' said O. Henry. 'I won't write the third one then.' And he didn't. He laughed at the editor. 'Well then,' said the latter, 'I'll run the two parts and then let our readers have a guessing contest as to how the story ends—and put up, perhaps, a five hundred prize to the winner.' For a moment the author thought he was outwitted. Then he said: 'Go ahead—and I'll win the prize.' He intended to win it, too."

An Office Business Only

A young man called at the office of a justice of the peace and with some hesitation made known his business, which was to be married. The justice replied that he thought he could perform the service, and asked if the young man had his license.

"Yes, sir," the youth replied.

"Well, where is the young lady?"

"She—she's at her father's."

"Well, bring her here."

"She'd rather be married at home, acquire."

"And you expect me to go there and marry you?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Young man," said the justice, "this office of mine is like a department store. We sell matches here, but we don't deliver them at the house."—Youth's Companion.

Slightly Confused

Marie was making her first visit to the beach. She was fearless of the water, and spent as much of her time in bathing as she was allowed. One morning there was an unusually strong undertow, and many of the bathers spoke of it. Marie, hearing them, stowed away the new phrase in her mind.

When she came in from her bath, she told how fine the water was, and told of the fun she had had. Then, assuming her grown-up manner, she remarked: "Oh, but the undertow was strong this morning!"

Profited by Their Dreams

Mrs. Radcliffe confessed that some of the most thrilling incidents in the "Mysteries of Udolpho" were inspired by nightmares produced by supping on pork chops. Tartin, the great violinist, after dining indiscreetly, dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartin awoke with the music ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

His Real Calling

There is a writer in New York who has achieved little success, but who, being amply supplied with worldly goods, refuses to be discouraged. So he keeps turning out books the merits of which he earnestly attests by word of mouth and heavy purchases from the publishers. He is a long time friend of Simeon Ford, boniface, wit and philosopher. That Mr. Ford is the only one who ever read all of his friend's books probably furnishes a reason why the attenuated hotel man is one of the most solemn looking of humans.

They were at dinner recently when the author said: "Sim, you've been awfully kind to me—you are my real audience, for you've suffered like a friend and read all I have written. Sometimes I think that I have made a great mistake and I am not really an author after all."

"I think you're right," assented Mr. Ford. "You're a born chemist."

"How's that?" suspiciously asked the author.

"Well," remarked Simeon, "every book you write becomes a drug on the market."

Putting It Up to Uncle

Henry G. Brooks, the well-known New York lawyer, talking about domestic troubles, has had his share of the servant problem, though he won't admit it. However, he is frank enough to tell one on himself, as he did recently at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"We have a mighty good girl who got word that her uncle was very ill. She asked to be allowed to go away for a few days and go to the funeral. After a week had passed we commenced to get nervous. So a note was sent to her inquiring when she would be able to return and how her uncle was."

"We got a reply something like this: 'Dear Sir: I will be back as soon as possible. Uncle is getting weaker and weaker. Ma has told him I can't stay here much longer, and I know he don't want me to lose my job.'"

Adornment

To adorn ourselves seems to be a part of our nature, and this desire seems to be everywhere and in everything. I have sometimes thought that the desire for beauty covers the earth with flowers, paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell and gives the bird its plumage and its song. O, daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves; if you would be adored, be beautiful.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Vanity of Life

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come. In old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, even that is too often absorbed in vague determination to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.

A Real Bohemian

Scott—"A bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him." Mott—"Wrong. A bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar."

The Platitudes of Acquaintance

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and salute, who tells us with the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us.—Hawkesworth.

Historical Relics of Value

Numerous Souvenirs of the Great Revolution Recently Unearthed in New York.

Dating back to the days when the British and Hessians camped on Washington Heights in New York, a large collection of relics which have been

found in various parts of upper Manhattan will be placed on exhibition in the old Jumel mansion. The relics—shot, buttons, bayonets and various pieces of rusted metal, which at one time formed part of the equipment of the soldiers of King George III—were collected by Messrs. H. P. Bolton and W. L. Calver, amateur antiquarians, who live in the vicinity of the Wash-

ington Heights battlefield. Although it is now more than 130 years since the alien troops occupied the heights, all the relics found are in an excellent state of preservation. The various buttons used by the excavators, when cleaned, show the coats of arms and other insignia of the regiments to which those who wore them belonged.

Most of the relics which have recently been unearthed by the excavators have been in the vicinity of Fort

Tryon and Marble Hill and the Washington Heights blockhouse. The equipment of the excavators is most simple, consisting solely of two shovels, a garden fork and a large sieve. From old maps made by the Americans spies during the early days of the Revolution, and from those made by the British themselves, the two men located the sites where the various regiments were camped on the upper end of Manhattan island. These regiments included the various Hessian companies, the Welsh Fusiliers, the Third Scots Guards and the Seventy-sixth MacDonald Highlanders.

Besides the many one-pound cannon balls used in the Hessian's field guns, then known as the amusette, the excavators have found many of large caliber. One of them weighed forty-eight pounds, and another thirty-two pounds.

The bayonets, which are the most recent finds, were dug up two feet below the ground, near Inwood.